

**A NEW CRANFORD; BEING A MORE OR LESS TRUE
ACCOUNT OF AN EXPERIMENT****DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR J. B., WHO OF ALL OTHERS BEST
UNDERSTANDS WHAT PROMPTED ITS UNDERTAKING****By ISABEL McISAAC****Late Superintendent of the Illinois Training-School, Chicago**

(Continued from page 162)

VIII.—CONCLUSION. TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

THE writer appreciates that her readers have read her previous chapters in the spirit of nonsense in which they were written and in consequence finds it difficult to write with a degree of gravity which will carry any weight; but among the numerous inquiries from nurses all over the country about our experiment there have been those from tired women trying to discover a way out of the difficulties which beset them. These inquiries have been so frequent as to entirely exclude personal answers when one is busy and hampered with defective sight. There are a large number of nurses with good health and good practice who are able to continue in their work indefinitely and make ample provision for their old age. Next to them come the larger number who have parents or others dependent upon them, who may be able to nurse many years but are unable to save for the rainy day. The next group are those unhappy souls who find nursing too great a strain mentally and physically and after repeated breaks become heart-sick and discouraged.

Much has been written and said in this country regarding Dr. Osler's theory that men do their best work before the age of forty, and however much we may disagree with him we are forced to admit that his theory holds good in nursing. It is a lamentable admission to make but is sadly true in this country where we work with an eye to speed exactly as we drive our automobiles. It is not the same in England where people live more sanely and steadily according to established customs and not racing and running and shrieking after the new and novel as we do. I may be permitted to quote from Miss Dock who said, in speaking of the superintendent of a large training school in this country who thought of giving up her work, that "in England a matron who had been so long in her position would no more think of resigning because she was tired than a married woman would think of leaving her family for the same reason." However in this country of feverish unrest and

clamor for change no nurse of ordinary endurance can stand it indefinitely, and sooner or later must say to herself, "What next?"

I do not wish to be understood as altogether condemning the pace of our country, being too thoroughly imbued with the American way of doing things and being entirely in sympathy with the man who, when his doctor told him he could no longer carry on his strenuous life and had a very short time to live, turned savagely on the doctor and said: "Well, you can't take away the things I have done."

The main thing with us is to stop short of the breaking down place, thus leaving ourselves with enough strength and interest to divert into new channels.

Farming is an occupation illy suited to a large number of women whose tastes, health and early training unfit them for such work. Again for farming there really should be two not only to guard against the loneliness but because the indoor and outdoor work are so linked together that two moving spirits are needed.

If a woman has been fortunate enough to have secured a sufficient income to live and goes to the country because she likes it she may carry on such an undertaking easily and happily with hired help, but if she goes into farming as we have done as a business venture and to provide herself with a home she must have a love for the country, a willingness to work early and late, to wear impossible clothes, to find entertainment in the opinions of all her circle who think she has gone crazy, to study harder than she ever did in the training school, and to have sufficient means to live for at least two or three years until she gets beyond her probationary and blundering stage.

It is only in books and legends that wholly inexperienced farmers make money, and can run their farms without great expenditure. There have been many times when we would have been greatly discouraged but for the good counsel of a woman who had tried it and told us that the first year we would "do nothing but pay out and pay out, the second year would not be much better, but the third year the tide would begin to turn and after that we need not worry."

Living expenses on the farm are ridiculously small, very little money will run the household but the demands for tools of all kinds are something appalling. Take, for instance, vehicles: on this little place we have a wagon, a wagonette, which has two seats and will carry six or eight barrels of fruit, a buggy and a sleigh. Add to this light and heavy harness, stable and street blankets, fly-nets, lap-robies and whips and one has a bill of no inconsiderable dimensions.

Building and repairs make another huge hole in one's purse, and

there is always something needed for the comfort or welfare of the beasties. Every month we say, "Next month there will be no extras," but the month with no extras has not yet arrived and is always in the vanishing distance; indeed, our finances are usually what would be termed "frenzied" in Boston. It certainly requires much courage and a keen sense of humor to meet an expenditure of one hundred and twenty-nine dollars in a month with an income from the farm of eighteen dollars and twenty cents, but fortunately Providence endowed us with an abundant sense of humor and enough courage to pull us through much discouragement, and while we may land in the poor-house sometime, we feel like the patient who said to the doctor: "You can't take away the things I have done."

When we cast up accounts at the end of our first year we found that our household bills for the year for food and supplies, not clothing, was the absurd sum of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars. At first we couldn't believe it, but when we took into account the milk, cream, eggs, poultry, fruit and vegetables for which we paid nothing it was easy to see that such an amount was ample for three persons. The things which make such enormous bills in the city are to be had for a little labor on the farm; even fuel is comparatively cheap here, for in all peach orchards the trees are short lived and must be constantly renewed which gives excellent wood for spring and fall and the kitchen fire on baking days in the summer.

But the farm, like the city, has one huge problem which is a constant drain and mostly very unsatisfactory; that is labor. To pay out forty dollars a month on a place that practically yields no income for one man, soon puts a hole in the bank account and forces us to do all we possibly can ourselves.

Taken as a whole, so far our farming has not paid, but this season *has* been a great advance over last; we have made many lasting improvements and are well supplied with the necessary tools, have cleared the place of worn-out trees and weeds which had collected under a long régime of renters so that we look forward with much less trepidation than last year and take vast comfort in our own home.

During the bleak November weather we find our thoughts turning from the dingy city streets, the chilly dreary boarding-houses with their eternal sameness of food, the noise and smoke of cars, the hurry and worry, to our own bright wood fire, the red lamp, the books and papers and above all that heavenly quiet and peace broken only by the sound of the lake and the big clock, whose voice is the most soothing, comforting sound in the world. And when to us comes news of one and an-

other of those dear nurses we knew who have fallen into sad fortunes, and are ill or dependent or homeless, we say devoutly, Thank God for the farm.

We take this opportunity to thank the many who have received our little experiences so kindly. The writing has been a pleasure although often lamely and hurriedly done, but if from them one discouraged nurse takes a new hold on life, they are not written in vain and we make no apology for their defects but say with Touchstone: "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own."

JUVENILE COURT WORK, FROM A NURSE'S STAND-POINT

By KATE HUBBARD

Matron of Juvenile Court, Spokane, Wash.

ANOTHER field has been opened to our profession, that is, Juvenile Court work, or that of superintending the Detention Rooms for Juvenile Delinquents. This work is still in its infancy, having been first established in Denver in 1899. After a good test, the State of Washington followed the example given by providing for Juvenile Court work which came into operation June 7th, 1905. Until that time, there had been a steady procession of children going to the Reform School; since the establishment of Juvenile Work, many children are given an opportunity to do better, this being done by releasing the children from the detention rooms, and allowing them to report to the matron or some other probation officer every week: by this arrangement the children have their freedom, but are still in the custody of the Court. Many times, thorough investigations have brought to light the fact that the child is not at all the true culprit, but that some older person, often his employer, has been the true cause of his falling into the hands of the law. Our readers can easily imagine how this is true. For instance, in our large cities, messenger boys are continually sent on errands to saloons, club-rooms, billiard halls, vaudeville theatres, and even worse resorts, the results often being that, exposed to temptations of all kinds, from which immature characters should be shielded, and which children and youths are not prepared to resist, they fall into delinquency. We must each ask ourselves the question: "Whose is the responsibility?"